

POETRY.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
For turning often and oft
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she started up,
And gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme,
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she
cried:

"Oh me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,
In the church-yard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady wings,
That came and flitted round—
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom—
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp of
pride,
We haste to an early tomb!

"For the pomp and pleasure of pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;"
And then he pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From toll exempt, I never dreamt
Of such a world of woe!

"Of hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and Hunger, Pain and Want—
But now I dream'd of them all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
The houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged—to bury the dead;
And the naked, alas, that I might have clad,
And the famished I might have fed!

"The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a throning shape was there,
From long forgotten years;
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears!

"Each pleading look, that long ago
I scanned with heedless eye;
Each face was gazing as plainly there,
As when I passed it by;
Woe, woe for me, if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow that falls
Is not unmarked of God!

"I drank the richest draughts:
And ate what e'er is good—
Fish and flesh, and fowl and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food.

"I dressed as the nobles dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul,
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought for want of thought,
As well as want of heart!"

She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme:
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame,
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Pioneer.]
LETTER FROM ONE OF THE
"HUTCHINSON FAMILY."

LEVER ST., MANCHESTER,
Eng., Oct. 16, 1845.

We are now in a city of mills and misery,
smoke, fog, aristocracy and pauperism. We
came from Dublin almost on foot to attend
the great Free Trade Anti-corn-law Bazaar,
which opens to-day. We spent three
weeks in Dublin, which, by the way, (speaking
after the manner of bricks and mortar,) is a
magnificent city. We found numerous
friends there, the most whole-souled of whom
were those well known friends of humanity,
the Webbs, the Haughtons, the Allens, the
Warrings, and the Pools. They have done

(God bless them) all in their power to make
us at home, and they succeeded very well.—
In our rambles about town, and in the country,
we saw many things to interest us. Some
of the scenery on the sea-shore is very fine.
Jesse thinks that "Dalky Hill" is almost equal
to "High Rock!"—We took a jaunt the
other day on to the Dublin Mountain, accom-
panied by our friend John Chasson. On our
way up called at Col. White's mansion, and
by permission of the Colonel's lady went in
to see "eat *cas inside*." It is almost equal
in splendor, to "Eaton Hall." To give you
an idea of the furniture, I only need mention
that a small card table cost three hundred
guineas,—enough to buy a comfortable farm
in New England. We sang a song, and left
the folks "alone in their glory." Went to
the top of the mountain, and there had a fine
view of the whole city, and the country round
about for many miles. All very fine, but
don't begin with New Hampshire. After feast-
ing our eyes on the scenes below, and taking
an extra snuff of pure air, we descended and
went to visit quite a different kind of build-
ings from Col. White's. (By the way, the
Colonel's father used to peddle pins and tape
through the country.) We visited numerous
Irish huts where whole families live in one
small room, say ten feet by twelve, built of
a kind of mud-mortar, and covered with hay
and straw,—I wanted to see the contrast, so
I ventured up to the door of one of these huts,
and looked in. It had no floor, except a
three inch surface of mud, and the furniture
consisted of a straw "bunk," an old table,
(which couldn't have cost three hundred guineas)
one chair, two milking stools, a few dishes
on an old dresser and two pig-troughs.—
The inmates, a man and wife, two children,
(an unusually small supply,) and twelve or
fourteen pigs. The man said, very coolly,
that the pigs were rather dirty things to have
in a cabin, but he had no other place, and he
could put up with it because they were going
to bring him a good price,—and, moreover,
ver, they were all he had to support his chil-
dren, and pay the landlord, and the priest!—
In another cabin was an old man, who said
he should be a hundred years old next Christ-
mas, and he didn't know what he should do,
for he was almost past labor, and had nothing
to depend upon but his hands. This is a
sample of Irish peasantry.

We visited O'Connell's house, on Marion
Square. Had the pleasure of sitting in the
great chair presented to him while in prison.
They tell us that we heard one of his great-
est speeches in Conciliation Hall. He struck
a great blow against American Slavery at this
rate.—Frederick Douglass made himself very
unpopular with the Protestants here for
speaking at the same meeting, because they
say that O'Connell is fighting for Catholicism
instead of liberty and reform. But the
old man's voice if not his words tell me that
he is opposed to tyranny, and a friend to the
oppressed all over the world. I have seen
him, and I heard him. And I love him.

Next comes father Matthew. A more lovely
looking man I never saw, and a better
christian's hand I never grasped. I saw him
at Kingston, last Sunday week, administer
the pledge to nearly a thousand people. He
is doing more for the improvement of the
Irish people than all the doctors, lawyers
priests, and politicians together. (Not much
of a compliment by the way.—Ed.)

There are two poor-houses in Dublin, con-
taining about sixteen hundred souls each.—
As a general thing they are, to appearance,
better taken care of than thousands who live
in the back streets; but one thing looked too
much like what I have heard of American
Slavery. As soon as a man and wife go to
one of these houses they are separated forever,
and have no communication whatever, ex-
cept that once a week they are allowed to
shake hands and chat half an hour or so,
through a gate. And those inmates who have
friends out are only allowed to see them in
this way. For this reason thousands suffer
most intensely, and many prefer to meet the
"Phantom of grisly bone," than to be sent
to the work house. Americans! be kind to
the poor Irish who come among you; for they
are an oppressed people. Let our land be,
in reality, an asylum for the down-trodden.
Americans can afford to be generous.

The most trying thing to my heart, since
I have been here, was on board the boat that
brought us from London to Liverpool last
Tuesday night. There were about twenty
cabin passengers, and over a hundred deck
passengers,—the latter being men, women,
and children, from one to two hundred hogs,
a dozen head of cattle, and several horses.—
They were all on one deck, in separate pens
divided only by bars. And there poor Hu-
manity was on a level with beasts,—nay not
on a level; for the horses had awnings over
them, and Humanity had none! Several of
the women crept over into the horse apart-
ment and appeared to be very thankful for
the little surplus of straw which the horses
did not occupy; most of them, however, were
in the open air all night. It was quite cold,
tremendous rough,—and many of the poor
creatures were sea-sick, while the spray was
beating over them constantly. In the morning
they presented a most heart-rending spec-
tacle. Many of them were Irish peasants
coming to England with their hogs and poultry
to pay their rents to Lords who are obli-
ged to keep a score of servants, and "a coach
and four," in order to spend their income.—
This is the way they do up business in this
country. John Bull is a tyrant, and "can't
be nothing else." Uncle Sam is a hypocrite,
because he says he is a republican yet holds
three millions of colored people in "chains
and slavery." John Bull wants Uncle Sam's
territories to help support Mrs Victoria and
all the little Victorias—and I believe means
to have them yet. But if Uncle Sam will let
his negroes free, in six months, I'll risk all
creation to move him a hair. I tell you Jonathan,
it is for your present and eternal interest
to let the oppressed go free.

Henry Russell is going through this country
singing negro songs.

I have just been into the Free Trade Hall.
It is considered the crack Hall of the country.
It is, by a long chalk, the tallest get-
tings up that I have seen anywhere. It is as
big as two Faneuil Halls and a half, and will
hold eight thousand people. It is now well
filled with a little of everything, and the wo-

men—God bless them every where—are sell-
ing off things like smoke,—and all goes to
the support of free trade. The Priest's don't
like this anti-corn-law business because it
has a tendency to lower their wages. That's
what I am told. I haven't got into the whole
merits of the case yet, but so far free trade
strikes me as the right thing. I go for any-
thing that will in any way relieve human
kind.

My love to all Lynn and the whole country.

JUDSON J. HUTCHINSON.

THE SICK PAUPER.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

At all times comparatively helpless and de-
pendent, childhood in sickness becomes
doubly so; and hardened, indeed, must be
the heart that can resist its touching plea
for compassion and succor. Yet to this extent
is the heart of man, and of woman, too, har-
dened by the all-absorbing principle of self-
fishness. The hireling who is paid for ren-
dering attentions which are peculiarly the
office of a mother, sister, or other near con-
nexion, will too frequently be found faithful
in their discharge only so far as the eye of
the party holding the purse is upon her, even
where the charge is the fondling child of
wealth, and the remuneration abundantly
large; but in the case of friendless pauper
children, for whom a compulsory provision
is made by law, and a niggardly allowance
is doled out to the grumbling recipient, for
undertaking to look after the troublesome
brat, what can we expect! The official con-
siderations herself ill-paid, even for the modicum
of attention that she is obliged outwardly to
bestow; and the poor aching head is less
likely to be lulled on its pillow by the sooth-
ing words of kindness, than to be further racked
and bewildered, and frightened, by noisy out-
bursts of splenetic ill-humor, and complaints
of the trouble imposed. The comforts of
cleanliness, ventilation, fumigation, cool
drinks, and encouragements to sleep, that in
other cases are deemed indispensable, must
not be dreamed of here. Loud tones, heavy
tramping, slamming of doors, and neglect in
every possible form, are matters of course.
Long sickness in a pauper child is not to be
tolerated; if it does not quickly get well, with-
out any fuss being made about it, better it
should die and be done with; more will be
left than any body knows how to provide
for.

But there is another class from whom little
mercy can be hoped; those who having a
certain quantity of work to be done, and re-
quiring it to be done within the shortest pos-
sible time, at the least possible cost, hire pa-
per children to do it. These employ two
sorts of machinery in their business: one be-
ing made of flesh, the other of wood and iron.
If a wheel or strap becomes entangled, it is
set to rights by the proper workman; if so
injured as not to allow of speedy repairing,
it is thrown by, and a new one substituted,
to avoid any delay. Just so it is with the hu-
man department. Why should any difference
be made? Why should not a child be
worked as long as it can be compelled to go
on, with a little occasional quick patching,
and when it cannot be thrown into the
street, just as a broken wheel is thrown
into the lumber room to fall to pieces!

It is not to be expected that the master's
profits of a few hundred or thousand per an-
num, should be decreased to the amount,
now and then, of one and sixpence, by al-
lowing a little creature, that has worked it-
self ill in his service, to lie by for a week
without forfeiting its eighteen pence; or to
retain its claim to re-admission on recovery.
But add to this the fact, that what the child
earns is not at its own disposal, going to re-
munerate the person who has charge of it,
for such food and such clothes as it gets, we
may believe the lit-lab laborer must be in the
position of a shuttlecock, struck alternately
from one battledore to the other, until, escap-
ing a stroke, it falls to the ground, and is
trampled into kindred dust.

Our little Betsy Smith's situation is that of
thousands upon thousands in this land. One
parent lost by premature death, through mer-
ciless exaction of labor beyond her strength,
the other by total desertion, first of his duties,
and then of his home. It is a small matter
for whom she toils, or who is to deal out to
her the very scanty portion of this world's
goods that falls to her lot. Under a differ-
ent system—under the protection of Christian
laws, administered in a Christian spirit—no
doubt such helpless beings would find a fit-
ting asylum, where their bodies would be
allowed to grow, their minds to expand, and
their constitutions to acquire some stamina,
and their hands to become both active and strong
for the various burdens and labors to which,
at a proper age, they might be destined. But,
alas! as respects the most numerous class
of her people, the Christianity of England is
a name, and her boasted laws of equal right
and privilege are a farce.

Betsy Smith's employer having been
cheated of the price of toil, not yet perform-
ed, by the craft of her step-mother, and hav-
ing had, on the preceding day, a little al-
tercation with the parish authorities, as to
their comparative claims on the child's future
earnings, in which, with much trouble, he
established his own, might naturally look
with a suspicious eye on her absence. She
was perhaps, kept away to work for them
under pretence of illness; for Joe had been
ordered to report her sick. After trying in
vain the effect of cross-interrogation, enforced
with a few heavy blows (for the "question"
is sometimes administered in that way with-
out the superintendence of a grand inquisi-
tor,) and ascertaining that the boy really
knew nothing more than he had reported, it
was resolved, if she did not appear on the
morrow, to send Kitty to the overlooker on a
mission of inquiry.

This woman, indeed, could have borne
testimony that the little girl was so ill on the
preceding day, as scarcely to get through her
work; and that she had even fallen from
her seat through exhaustion; but the tempta-
tion of a walk, and a gossip, and a confiden-
tial office in the eyes of the workhouse peo-
ple, more than counterbalanced any inclina-
tion to tell the truth, or any compunction for
what she was helping to inflict on the inno-

cent boy; especially as no one of the child-
ren would dare to volunteer a testimony, so
long as she gave none. Accordingly, at noon
the next day, Mrs. Kitty puts on her bonnet,
a warm cloak, and showy apron, and pro-
ceeds to investigate the mysteries of the
workhouse. She happens to find at the door
the very man who had conducted Betsy to her
present abode; and he, unwilling to be kept
from his dinner, by starting any diffi-
culties, tells her at once where to find the
child; adding with a wink, "You needn't
say who told you."

The female overlookers of the pin headers
is not more willing to pay a gossiping visit
than is the old woman at the pauper child's
lodging to receive one. They soon became
very sociable; and after comparing notes,
relating a variety of concurrent anecdotes,
they arrive at the conclusion that there is not
upon earth such another set of plagues and
torments as beggar-children, nor any class of
respectable persons so ill-paid and oppressed
as those who have the charge of them; wheth-
er in a workshop or a domestic institution.
Having settled this, and partaken of "some-
thing warm," they mount the stairs, enter
the long room, and find little Betsy in a
sound asleep, flushed indeed, and breathing
painfully, but still in what might be called a
luxury of rest, compared with anything she
has known for a long while.

"The lazy little hussey!" says Mrs. Kitty,
roughly pulling away the clothes that shaded
her eyes from the light of an opposite win-
dow in that curtainless room, "there's noth-
ing the matter with her, I'll be bound."
The rude jar, the harsh voice, at once wake
the child, and to her terrified sight the ap-
pearance of her task-mistress, scowling over her,
is the signal of something worse than either
words or looks. She starts up in her bed,
and sits, trembling and panting, with a broad
stare fixed on the object of her dread.

"O, you're wonderfully brisk, all on a sud-
den," remarks the old woman of the house,
"a while ago it was all lack-a-daisy! and
you couldn't lift your head from the bolster;
not you!"

"It's all a sham," observes Mrs. Kitty,
"and she shall smart for it. Indeed, she
ought to catch it on both sides her face, for
she's deceived you, and robbed us. Only
think of our suspecting you for keeping her to
work, and whipping her poor little brother
for not telling what he didn't know, poor
child!"

At hearing this, Betsy bursts into a most
pitiful cry; her sob gradually increases in
violence, till she becomes so convulsed as al-
most to alarm the two women who stand
looking at her and at each other, muttering,
"What's to be done?" At this moment a
young lad, the parish doctor's apprentice,
who had been sent to call in on the slighter
cases, among the paupers, and report, but
not to interfere further, runs up the ladder,
and exclaims "Who is in a fit here!"

"It's a fit of passion, sir," answers Kitty.
The young gentleman feels the pulse, and
shakes his head. "No, 'tis something seri-
ous, and she must be bled: fetch a basin,
my good woman." Then taking out his new
case of pocket instruments, he adds, "In such
an emergency as this, I must not be so strict-
ly attentive to the letter of my directions, as
a life may be lost. However you need not
say anything about it; looking inquiringly at
the old woman; whose grin of acquiescence
shows that she will lose nothing by indulg-
ing the young practitioner in a trial of his
skill on this insignificant pauper child."

But Kitty has more at stake: she is resolv-
ed to have Betsy back in the shop, in proof
of her own discernment, and to gain some
indulgence that she wants, in reward for the
good service so discreetly performed. She
therefore says, "I beg your pardon, sir, but
this girl belongs to us, and is wanted at
her work. I'm morally sure she is ailing lit-
tle or nothing; and I can't agree to her being
bled unless the work-house doctor himself
says 'tis needful."

"Well, I'm sure I don't care. The child
is ill and unfit to work, but she is in excel-
lent hands here. You may call for a draught
in the evening; till then, my good woman,
keep her quiet, give her cooling drink, and
all that." So saying, he ran off.

"Fine work some of them chaps make
among beggars, trying their hands, when the
master is away," says Kitty. "I was sorry
to thwart such a nice young gentleman."

"I never do, if I can help it," observed the
other. "They are often as clever as their
masters, and if they do make a mistake now
and then, among people that ain't of no con-
sequence, it helps them to be more skillful
and careful when they come to practice
openly."

By this time, Betsy had sobbed herself in-
to a state of insensibility, and lay quite still.
The old woman threw the bed-clothes over
her shoulders again, saying, "There, let her
be till morning, and I'll send her off to you
in working order."

Night arrives, and a cluster of shivering
girls take possession of the cold room. Some
thing has happened to put the old woman out
of temper, and their poor supper is served out
with a double allowance of scolding, while an
inch only of rush-light is allowed them
to take up stairs. The girls who sleep with
Betsy are inclined to grumble at the misera-
ble condition of the bed in which she has been
tossing all day; but finding her more dis-
tressed about it than at her own sufferings,
they kindly bid her not to mind.

Having gathered a party about her, Betsy
says, "Will you listen to me a bit?" I'd a
own mammy not long ago; and she died,
and I think I am going to die too; and I want
to know where mammy is gone to, now she's
dead; so can you tell me?"

Various replies were given. One said, "I
suppose she went into the grave." Another,
"When a body dies, there's an end to 'em—
the worms eat 'em up." A third remarked,
"I never heard such a rum speech." And a
fourth, "Ghostesses is dead people: they
come, whiles, and walk, and frighten folks."

This draws the whole party instinctively
together; particularly as the last ray of light
is glimmering in the dirty socket. It expires;
but immediately a cloud that had obscured the
full moon also passes away, and from a
sky of the deepest blue that beautiful orb
looks out, displaying its broad clear disc di-

rectly opposite the window, and throwing a
stream of light upon the bed, and the group
who cower and crowd about it. The sight
seems to revive in Betsy's mind some long
dormant recollection.

"I know," she says, "there's m^{ore} in it
than that. I used to pray some pretty pray-
ers once, and I wish I could remember them
now. Do any of you know my prayers?"

"O yes," was the answer of several voices,
while some laughed; and a fair little girl half
whispers, "I often say, 'Our Father!'"
"That's it!" cries Betsy; say it now, will
you dear!"

The child settles her face to a serious look,
joins her hands, bends her knees against the
side of the bed, and devoutly repeats the words
"Our Father!"

"Go on," says Betsy.

"That's all: I don't know no more." And
several of the girls agreed that they used the
same form of prayer, consisting of the same
two words, and no more.

"Yes, there is more," exclaimed the sick
child: "Our Father—our Father which art in
heaven—that's it! that's it! and there's more
too, if I could remember it."

"It isn't true, if I said it," remarks one of
the girls; "my father ain't in heaven, he's in
prison, and going to be transported."

"My own mammy is in heaven, though,"
says Betsy, "and I want to go too, but I can't
find out any thing about it. O who," she
adds, in the most touching tone of entreaty,
"who will tell me and Joey something about
heaven?"

Poor child! there are many daily passing
you by in the street who could both tell you,
and instruct you in the only way to that bliss-
ed place. But their thoughts are otherwise
engaged; their zeal has more distant objects;
and for allowing you to perish in ignorance
they must answer to Him who said, "Suffer
little children to come unto me, and forbid
them not: for of such is the kingdom of heav-
en."

A CURIOUS STORY.

An old gentleman in this city relates one
of the most thrilling romances of real life, we
ever heard of. In this romance he was a prin-
cipal actor. Many years ago, in Vermont, an
insane man suddenly disappeared. No trace
of his whereabouts could be discovered, and
many supposed that he was dead. Seven
years after his disappearance, a person who
had known him dreamed that he had been
murdered by a certain family residing near
at hand, and that he was buried in a certain
spot. This dream occurred several times,
and was so vivid, that the dreamer related it,
and induced other persons to aid him in dig-
ging at the spot indicated in his dream.—
They dug and found bones. They also found
a button and a knife, which were identified
as the property of the missing man. The fa-
mily, consisting of a mother and two young
men, sons, were arrested and imprisoned.—
The sons, to save the mother, confessed the
murder. On trial, however, they plead not
guilty; but were nevertheless, found guilty,
and condemned to be hanged. The sentence
was however commuted to imprisonment for
life in State Prison to which they were sent.
Soon after the trial, a paragraph appeared in
the Post of this city, which led the old gen-
tleman referred to, (who was acquainted with
all the parties in the affair,) to believe that
the man supposed to be murdered was alive.
He set to work, and by dint of inquiry,
found the insane man on a farm in New Jer-
sey. He was working on this farm under the
supposition that it was his own. The old gen-
tleman addressed him, saying:

"Don't you know me!"
"No—never saw you before."
The old man dropped an English shilling,
which the insane man instantly clutched.
"Now," said the old gentleman, "tell me
who I am, and who you are, and I'll give
you that shilling."

The insane man did as required, and pro-
ved to be the missing individual. He was
taken back to Vermont; and the two men re-
leased, of course. The insane man had, how-
ever, to be exhibited publicly, and to thou-
sands of people, before they would believe
that "he was himself."

This story is truth, and can be easily pro-
ved by a reference to the legitimate records
of the time. It is a most curious "romance
in real life," and goes ahead of all the fictions
ever invented. Why don't some dramatist
take hold of it!—U. S. Amer. Republic.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that a petition will be
presented to the next Legislature of the State
of Ohio, praying for the erection of a new
county out of the following townships in
Trumbull and Columbiana counties, to be
called the county of Cass with the seat of
justice at Canfield Trumbull county, to wit:
Milton, Jackson, Austintown, Youngstown,
Coitsville, Poland, Boardman, Canfield, Ellis-
worth, and Berlin, in Trumbull county, and
Smith, Goshen, Green, Beaver, and Spring
field, in Columbiana county.

October 31st 1845. 4t—15.

Anti Slavery Publications

J. ELIZABETH HUTCHINSON has
just received and has now for sale at her
boarding house, Sarah Galbreath's, west end
of High st.

THE CONSTITUTION A PRO-SLA-
VERY COMPACT, OR SELECTIONS FROM
THE MADISON PAPERS.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES,
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